3:Wallace & Hoebel E-4, 5 (1933, 1945) 1952
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playing at the tasks which her mother performed. She was given a doll, dressed usually in deer skin, which she took everywhere with her. She might be lucky enough to have a toy cradle and carry her doll on her back in the fashion of her mother. As she grew older, she learned to dress and undress her doll and to make for it the necessary articles of clothing. Little girls learned to ride almost by the time they were able to sit astride a horse and hold the reins. Although they never spent as much time as the boys in practice, they became good horsewomen, so proficient that often the white campaigner was unable in the midst of battle to distinguish men from women.

There was a very close relationship between a girl and her mother's sisters. They were not called aunt, but *pia*, "mother," and the relationship was that of a mother to her daughter. A woman called her sister's child her own and aided in its instruction. There was even less formality between a girl and her mother's sister than between the girl and her mother. It was the grandparents who spoiled the child. The maternal grandmother was the girl's favorite. She was called *kaku* and she in reciprocity called her daughter's children *kaku*, too. Their social positions were theoretically equivalent. The *kaku* was likely to be congenial and indulgent with the child, and the relationship was much more intimate than between mother and daughter.[4]

As a girl grew older, she was given small tasks. She was first required to carry water and, when still older, she began to go for wood. Parties of girls, sometimes accompanied by a few women, went out from camp to bring in the wood. They also went with the women to gather wild fruits, roots, and nuts. At about twelve years of age, the girl began to learn to cut out moccasins, to cook, to dress hides, to make and set up a tipi—all the things essential for becoming the wife of a warrior.

The passage of a girl from childhood to young womanhood was an important occasion in her life, and was hardly less so to her family and the tribe. But since there was little anxiety about becoming a woman and a girl was already well-prepared for womanhood, and since the Comanches were a work-a-day, unceremonious people, there were no puberty rites. Among well-to-do families the event was the

[4] For a detailed analysis of Comanche kinship relations and terminology see, Hoebel, "Comanche and Hekandika Shoshone Relationship Systems," *loc. cit.*, 440–57.

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881 occasion for ceremonial feasting and celebration, and a daughter who was a favorite child in a well-off family might run over the prairie hanging to the tail of a fast pony so that she would be agile and active. This was the only magical activity associated with puberty. She was then ready to marry and become the mother of children and thus to contribute her part toward adding to the number and, therefore, the [582] strength of the tribe. By the time she was sixteen the chances are her marriage had been consummated.

868 A boy learned to ride almost as soon as he learned to walk. From earliest babyhood he was familiar with horses and their motions, riding behind his mother, clinging to her or to the horse's mane, or strapped to her saddle. He thus gained confidence, learned balance, and, by practice, learned to ride an old gentle pack horse; by the time he was four or five years old, he was expected to be able to manage a pony of his own; and by the time he was six, he was riding young colts bareback. Sometimes while learning to ride, he was bound on the pony by a rawhide lariat while another boy held the pony by another lariat and circled the pony about until the boy literally became a part of the animal. He received the criticisms of companions, father, mother, and other relatives and onlookers. If he fell, he was laughed at by the girls and others, but he did not become angry with his critics. Soon afterwards he had to help herd the ponies. He early became expert in the use of the rope for catching horses and henceforth spent much of his outdoor time on horseback.

603 868 By the time the boy was five or six years of age, he was given a bow and some blunt arrows and taught to shoot, usually by his grandfather. This was natural enough since the father was still engaged in war and hunting, while the older man had probably passed the period of active life and thus had the leisure to make bows and arrows and to devote a good deal of his time to the education of his grandson. Consequently, there developed between the two an intimate relationship whose pattern was one of indulgence and congeniality linked with the less severe forms of authority-obedience. The grandfather taught the grandson to ride, to shoot, to make bows and arrows, and the secrets of the hunt and the trail. He told him stories of his boyhood and early manhood, instructed him in the tribal history and traditions, legends and religion, and many other things

that the boy would need to know. The maternal grandparent was the boy's favorite, and each called the other *tɔk*. 868 603

After the grandfather, those next most likely to manifest interest in instructing the boy were his father, elder brother, and father's brothers, who were called "father," *apʻ*. With the mother's brother, who was called *ata*, "uncle," less formal respect was customary, for the *ata* and the boy were on a footing of easygoing comradeship. A boy could borrow his *ata's* goods without asking, and he could count on his *ata's* aid if he got into a scrape. The uncle, also, in reciprocity, addressed his sister's son as *ata*. A man called a brother's child his own[5] and addressed it as "son" or "daughter." 868 604

After the boy had received his bow and had been instructed in its use, he spent much time in practice. As he improved in skill, he hunted small birds with other little fellows of his age; and as he grew older, he ranged farther and farther from camp in search of larger game. He learned that hunting was not merely for pleasure but was serious work, that his ability as a hunter might mean the difference between food, shelter, and clothing and starvation and exposure. He was encouraged to become a good hunter, and when successful, he received the coveted praise. His first great kill was celebrated as an important event in his life. 868

He learned to approach game with patience, caution, and quietness; learned to take advantage of vegetation, of physical features, and of the wind; learned how to make a surround—lessons which would be valuable in real hunts when he grew up. He came to understand the signs of the prairie, how to observe the habits of wild animals, to know where they might be found, and how they reacted under different conditions.

A boy was allowed much liberty, and although his parents were firm, he was seldom scolded or punished. He was not expected to perform any menial labor about the camp and was always treated with great consideration, for "he is going to be a warrior and he may die young in battle." 858

The Comanche boy in his daily life was learning to be self-reliant, but at the same time his play habits were fostering manly comradery. Most of the daytime hours of the pre-adolescent boys were 857

[5] Informant: Medicine Woman.

9: Gladwin E-5 (1940) 1948 NO6 Comanche NO6

606 efforts at raiding and such, to move away and set up for himself. In this case his wife's mother, if she were widowed, often came along to live with them; sometimes both the wife's parents lived in a tipi nearby.

Relations with parents-in-law are very incompletely defined in the many other less formal marriage set-ups, and it is not profitable to attempt to generalize upon them, except perhaps to say that a modified form of the above was usually the desideratum. There is no feeling that the parents of the two spouses should be especially friendly to each other or the reverse; this also depends primarily on the circumstances. As noted above, the terminology does not recognize any relationship between them.

603 [591] [576] *Grandparents.* A parent-in-law is a very short way from being a grandparent, and many of the factors operative in one relationship affect the other. Thus the comparatively frequent matrilocal residence is reflected in the fact that it is the maternal grandparents who are considered the closest; we have seen above that a person wishing to be respectful to a stranger always addresses him as a maternal grandfather. This term is also applied to treasured inanimate objects, and even to parts of the body. It is thus not surprising that children are said to learn the words for maternal grandparents before those for the paternal ones.

Often the grandmothers' most important function is caring for their children's smaller children (see p. 86). Thus TY received a great deal of attention and instruction from both her grandmothers, and especially from her mother's mother, until they died, and even felt them to be more of a factor in her life at this time than her own mother. When a married daughter moved away after a few years of amicable matrilocal residence, her mother sometimes kept one of the children of whom she was especially fond to bring up herself; this child then usually called her mother.

Joking with grandparents is usually confined to the maternal ones, and is not carried on after the children reach maturity. As mentioned in the preceding section, some inappropriate relationship is pretended, and jokes are made in terms of the behavior expected of such a relationship. The children may call them by parent-in-law terms; the girls are then berated about being seen with various boys, usually ones they particularly dislike, the boys are told to do odd jobs for their "in-laws," and so on. Or they may reciprocally use various combinations of sibling and sibling-in-law terms, leading to *hâipia* jokes, though apparently without the physical aspects. The grandchildren may even put the grandparents into the children's generation, with appropriate comments, or reverse such affectionate terms as "my dear little ones" which the grandparents usually apply to them. A widowed grandmother may also be teased about various older men in the community, though usually not if she actually has a particular liking for any of them.

Relations with great-grandparents are slight, since, when this relationship

9: Gladwin E-5 (1940) 1948 NO6 Comanche NO6

does exist, senility or infancy almost always makes one or both participants comparatively ineffective.

The same factors which affect one's attitude toward more distant parents are also operative in the case of grandparents, with the effect of comparative age more strongly operative.

"Friends." While there is considerable variation in how clearly it is recognized and expressed by different individuals, there is no doubt that the Comanche share with other Plains tribes the custom of an institutionalized friendship between men of the same age. This usually had its origin in warfare, when one man or boy would save another's life by a deed of conspicuous bravery; or perhaps they would just go out together several times, and this friendship would grow to the point where it was openly recognized. Such friends became constant companions, sharing everything with each other, including their women friends; thus it is still customary for friends to refer to their respective partners as "our wife" or "our sweetheart," and other people use the dual form of the possessive in referring to a man's friend's wife as "your wife." A man uses terms for his friend's family which would equate the friend with a brother and this relationship was not infrequently realized in the old days through adoption. However, this rather romantic picture is somewhat spoiled by a revelation which profoundly shocked one of our rather idealistic interpreters, to the effect that this supposedly lifelong bond not infrequently became somewhat weakened, and a new "friend" came to fill the place of the old.[13]

Although warfare has become a thing of the past for the Indians (except for the battlefields of Europe and the Pacific), a few of the more romantic or lonesome individuals have attempted to continue this custom, but it has generally lapsed. One of our informants, (I), who came to his maturity shortly after the Comanche were rounded up at Fort Sill, embraced it quite vigorously, including the *nïmï?ára?* relationship, but discovered after a time that his "friend" believed only in one-way sharing, and was forced to give it up.

Outside of this formalized situation, the use of the term *hâic*, "friend," is not at all clear. Two major focal relationships are covered by it: the institutionalized friend, and one's brothers (though usually not one's own brothers). Both of these are spread out, often with very attentuated behavorial associations, to include a great number of people—in fact, virtually all males of one's own age or generation. These two groups of people merge and are, in fact, never really separate, for even in the friendship discussed above, they are combined insofar as possible. Yet in many cases a person is recognized as one or the other; individuals differ in this regard. T, for instance, referred to a man as

[13] A derived, but very distinct, practice was for a man of low prestige to enter into a *hâic* relationship with a successful warrior. The subordinate partner acted essentially as a body-servant for his dominant "friend," especially on war-parties or while hunting, and in turn basked in the reflected glory and protection of a strong man. Linton, personal communication.

31: Jones E-S (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
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2

Sanapia, 1895–1968

Early Childhood

SANAPIA WAS BORN at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in the spring of 1895 in a tepee encampment of *yapai* Comanches who had traveled to Fort Sill for rations from the vicinity of Medicine Park, Oklahoma. As with most Comanche women her age, Sanapia only knows that she was born in the spring and has therefore arbitrarily set her birth date at May twentieth.

Her father was Comanche and her mother Comanche-Arapaho. Sanapia was the sixth in a family of eleven siblings, having five older brothers, three younger brothers, and two younger sisters. As is still the custom among the more traditionally oriented Comanches, the maternal grandmother is very instrumental in rearing her daughter's children. Both Sanapia's mother and her mother's older brother were eagle doctors.

> Yeah, my mother doctored . . . she could do anything. One time it was her playmate . . . one time they were playing and she died. They put her buckskin dress on her, and you know in them days when anybody died they put red paint all over their face and their arms and their feet and then they put them away. They fix her up like that. My mother was playing with the rest of the kids. She was just a little bitty girl. She said, "I'm going to my tent and go to sleep. After awhile I play some more." Later these kids came to her and said, "They want you over there. Go to doctor." And she was just about ten years old that time. She went down there and she said, "No, no, she not going to go. I don't want her to die. I'll fix her up." She told all those people that, "You all get out. I'll fix her up." And she was sitting in that tent making all kinds of racket and pretty soon that little girl get up. She came back to life and lived many years. My mother died before her.

Sanapia's maternal uncle was also very active among Comanche peyotists, leading peyote meetings throughout southern Oklahoma. Sanapia also counts among her relatives a paternal grandfather who was an important *yapai* leader in the

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 NO6 Comanche NO6
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white man's eyes. Sanapia remembers this point well, for it was she, as her mother's favorite daughter, who was called upon to take her mother to the nearby towns and act as interpreter. 115 159 177 593 191

Lots of times I would be playing or something and I have to go with her . . . speak for her. I tell her, "You can talk English good, why do I have to talk for you?" She just tell me to come on. She said that when the white mans learn Comanche talk, she would learn white man language. She was real stubborn, I guess you would say, about things like that. You know, one time my father put these little napkin rings like they used at school on our table and he told us kids to use them. Well, my mother got them and put bead work on them with each our name on each one. My father got mad at that, but my mother told him that she wasn't no white man, she was Indian. They would talk like that a lot but they stay together till they both dead. They have some run-ins though. Like once I come back from school with these button-top shoes. My mother made me take them off because she said they would cripple my feet. My grandmother told me that too. But my father liked them and made me wear them. I thought they looked good, you know, but they hurt if you wear them long enough. I go barefoot a lot when I was a real young woman. 115 159 177 593

According to Sanapia's memory, her father never took issue with the mother's doctoring activities or her involvement with the peyotists. From Sanapia's stories of childhood it seems that it was the mother who would react violently against the father's attempt to introduce elements of white culture into the home. The father apparently never directly attacked the conservative Comanche ways but preferred to ignore them, withdraw from them, or illustrate how the white man's "road" was superior.

Sanapia's memories of her maternal grandmother are the fondest and most elaborated. It was this grandmother who took the greatest hand in rearing the children, though the father and mother acted as final authorities. It was also this grandmother who continually emphasized to Sanapia the importance of remembering the old ways and old stories, even suggesting that she keep a diary or journal of her life. 115 159 603 177

My grandmother was just a little bitty woman. She stayed in her tepee south of the house because she didn't like houses. She said that they good for keeping dogs and horses and that's all. A lot of old peoples would used to joke like that. She sure was good to me . . . take care of me all the time when I was just a small girl. She wrap me in her blanket when I was little, even when I get to be five years old . . . pretty big girl by then . . . and she carry me around. She said, "I want you to save your feet, don't let your legs get tired because you got a long time to live." She carry me around down on the creek, doing nothing, until I get tired and then she take me back to her tent. She rocks me to sleep and if I wake up way in the night, she would give me a meat ball . . . pound meat with sugar on it. Then she poke up the fire and tell me old stories. She told me how to make real old time Indian bags out of this softest buckskin so I could carry around my own little meat balls in there. Bag looks like a flat bag sort of is the kind of one I had. She tell me always to remember what she tells me and I did. She tell me that I should write it down, but at that time I didn't even know what writing is, but my grandma did. She tell me that a lot of white people would come into our country. That was even before I seen a lot of white [342] 115 159 603 855 [252] [415]

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115 159 603 855 [765] people like now. I remember that when I was small I watched long bunch of white peoples come in here and up to today that's almost all there is around here. In them days, no fences and no white people. And my grandmother knew that before it happened. She know lot of things like that too. And when what she says happens I was sure surprised, but it made me believe her better. She had a big hunk out of her ear. She cut her ear up when her brother died in the war . . . to show how sorry she was, but I didn't know that and I would joke her and tell her, "What's the matter with your ear? Did a mule bite it off?" She would tell me what happened to it. I would ask her all sorts of things and she would always tell me something on it. She's the one who told me to take my mother's doctoring-way when I was getting older. I didn't want it because I thought it was silly or nasty, but my grandmother said that soon in the future there wouldn't be hardly any Indian doctors left and she sure was right on that. I really cried when she pass on, because she had been so good to me, bringing me along like she did. So now, up to today, my daughters got kids and my son. I try to be like my grandma. I tell them old ways that I can remember, but, you know, they don't hardly care for it. They getting to be more like white peoples every year that pass. My grandmother told me all this would happen too.

115 159 604 756 755 Sanapia's maternal uncle, an eagle doctor like her mother, was very active among peyotists in southern Oklahoma. Her first recollections of peyote meetings were those which were directed by her uncle, and it was through him that Sanapia later learned the manifold uses of peyote as a medicine. Her mother also utilized peyote as a medicine, though not to the extent to which her uncle employed it. Sanapia's paternal grandfather was also a "strong peyote man." Thus early in life Sanapia was impressed with the importance of peyote by two very influential family members.

Religious Influences

115 159 771 Sanapia was reared in an atmosphere colored by three basic approaches to supernaturalistic realms—the Christianity of her father, the peyotism of her uncle and paternal grandfather, and the more customary Plains pattern of vision quests and guardian spirits as embodied by her mother, the eagle doctor. Through this liberal education she learned the basic tenets of each and managed to syncretically combine elements of all three into the validating and supportive unity by which she now lives and finds the rationalization for her own supernatural prerogative as a Medicine woman.

She quite naturally deemphasizes the differences and emphasizes the similarities in these three supernaturalistic systems. She is very fond of making comments like the following:

115 159 771 755 You know, the bible says that when Jesus was on earth he would heal people. His disciples had that same power as Him, and I know I'm just like them. I got power in my hands to heal peoples too. You can read the bible to find out that Jesus gives those people power to help people that got sickness, and it's just like that with me. When I pray, I feel just like, well, the Lord says, "You go heal that person. I give you power to do that and give you a good mind . . . put power in your hands. When you touch anybody like that, you'll get them well." That's what I always thought, you know. Use the bible like that.

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them out. Well, later on the grandmother was cooking that corn and her grandson wanted some. The woman said, "No, I can't get any right this minute. I'm too busy to mess with you." Her grandson asked again but he got that same answer. He ask four times until he just fell over backwards and started crying and hollering real loud. Then he told his grandmother that he was going to be an eagle and leave her. Sure enough, he started growing wings on his shoulders. The grandmother thought he was joking, but soon and soon he had wings. When the old woman saw that she start to cry but the boy said, "No, you been stingy and I'm going to go . . . going to leave you all." The grandmother was crying and beggin' him not to go and soon a bunch of people came around her tepee. She ran out and told them what was happening but they didn't do nothing. I guess they thought she was crazy. But then, all at once, the boy came out and flapped his eagle wings and flew up and up. He went over them four times. He told them, "I'm leaving because that old woman was stingy with me." Then he took a feather from his tail and dropped it and it came down real slow, this way and that way, back and forth and back and forth. Then he said, "I'm going to leave you people this thing. Whoever gets that feather when it lands will have my help when ever he or she needs it to help some other people." And don't you know, the first person to get that feather was just a little girl. She was the first one what had that eagle's power like he said.

Consent of the Teachers

During the four years of her training Sanapia was closely observed by four individuals—her mother, maternal uncle, maternal grandmother, and paternal grandfather. Each had to give approval, by means of a blessing ceremony, before Sanapia's mother could complete the last phase of the training, the actual transmission of her supernatural powers. Sanapia's mother could usurp the prerogative of the other three mentors; however, this would be considered a serious breach of etiquette and proper procedure. It would also tend to make Sanapia suspect as a witch since it would be known, by broadcast of the three slighted mentors, that there was no way to know for certain that Sanapia had truly learned to use her powers in the proper manner. Ideally, each of the four individuals would act as Sanapia's adviser and teacher; though it would be the mother and maternal uncle, in Sanapia's case, who would be solely responsible for instruction in the skills of doctoring, while the maternal grandmother and paternal grandfather would dwell upon instilling in her a proper system of values, morals, and ethics.

The notion that supernatural power is potentially dangerous for group welfare will appear repeatedly in the following discussion. This belief seems to be the basis for the four-man "review board" in Sanapia's training. A *puhakut* can do great good for his people, but he is also capable of tremendous evil. By a series of checks by the four advisers, the potential of evil tendencies in a training Medicine possessor can be more readily detected. If the one who will do the actual transmission of power overrides the other three mentors, at least the community can be warned of this; that is, the new *puhakut*, because of his lack of ethical training, may use his powers for evil.

Sanapia's maternal grandmother was the first one to bless her, thus giving her approval to Sanapia's becoming a doctor. The paternal grandfather's blessing

31: Jones E-5 (1967-1970) 1972 N06 Comanche N06
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ceremony was similar, in its essentials, to the following description given by Sanapia of the blessing by her grandmother:

> One morning she told my mother, "This morning I'm going to bless my granddaughter. I want to fix it. I want my son to go out there and build a fire and when it turns to coals he could bring me some." And she had a little iron bucket, you know, and she said, "Put that big coal in this iron and bring it into my tepee. I want to bless her so she could live a long time and help people. And then she going to have children. And whatever she wants, anything at all, she's going to get it . . . easy way . . . she won't have to work, she won't have to do nothing." That's what she said, and then she blessed me. I was pretty good size, about fourteen I guess. She blessed me with all what she said and then she put cedar on them coals and she pray and sing. Then she put her hand on my head and I inhale that cedar and she fan it on my legs and arms, all over my body. She would sing a song and then she prayed some more. And you know, in them days I never did know how they prayed, but she would pray and she said, "You, I don't know what you are, but I want you to bless this little girl so she can grow up and live to be an old lady like me. You, the one who go in the night and watch people, I don't know who you are, but you're like that, bless her. And this earth, I want her to walk on you for many, many years. I want her to be strong and healthy and I want her to live many years." And after she got through, she took that red paint and put water in it and rubbed it like that. Just smeared it all on my face, and rubbed it from my knees down to the bottom of my feet. Then she said, "Now, she's going to stand on this earth. This paint comes from the earth and she's going to stand on it. And she's going to live long life after she gets old. Help peoples. And when she gets real old, and her hair turns gray and white and her teeth fall out, well, that's when she's going to die." That's what she told me.

In the early 1900s a flu epidemic struck the Comanches. Sanapia was afflicted, and her maternal uncle was summoned to treat her. It was during this treatment that the uncle gave his consent by including phrasing in his standard blessing ceremony at the termination of treatment which meant that Sanapia would regain her health only if she would devote her life to the profession of doctoring. Frightened by this bit of "blackmail," Sanapia promised that she would always strive to be a good woman and a good doctor. As a symbol of her promise, the uncle gave her a new name, "Memory Woman," signifying that Sanapia should never forget the oath made to her uncle as a condition for her regained health.

The next to give consent was the grandfather, but the final and most crucial consent needed was that of the mother. It was given early in the last year of training. With the mother's blessing–consent, the actual transfer of power began. This transference of supernatural power from the mother would progress through four stages, culminating in Sanapia's four days and nights of solitary meditation. The four-day ordeal, or vision quest, signals the termination of training, for it is at this time that the neophyte eagle doctor's power is tested during the period of solitary meditation as the ghosts converge on him in an attempt to frighten and harass him to the point that he will renounce his Medicine. In other words, even with the consent of the teacher and the three advisers, the actual fait accompli is ultimately the outcome of a kind of mystical combat between the